

definite second best to a job in the North-East. Boxing Day on the buses is voluntary, and for triple time and a lieu day, I volunteered and ended up doing my old route, the 382, for Edmonton Garage. It was a 5 hour shift and the few people who were out were appreciative that buses were running. All, that is, except for one 14 year old. He got on at the first stop in Ballards Lane, as I approached Finchley Central and walked straight past me. I called him back and he partially showed me an obviously out-of-date pass. I usually don't let cheats stay on, but he insisted he was only going one stop, "to the Station", so I let him on. But he was making himself comfortable. I told him to get off. He came to the front and begged me to let him stay on. I refused and he wouldn't budge. As I put the call in to Centrecomm, he stepped towards the screen and spat at me. I have been spat at from a distance, had the screen punched and even kicked, and been threatened with death, but this was the first time that I have ever been touched in any way, and I was furious! Had I not been on the radio to the Police, I would have grabbed him and given him a rather large taste of his own medicine. But he left. He had better not step foot on my bus again! On a lighter note before I end, there is both music and humour to be seen on the roads, and too much time to think. Some road signs bring a song into my head. Example: The warning in Hoe Street, Walthamstow, that Cairo Road is closed to through traffic, inevitably has me singing The Cure's Fire in Cairo. Less welcome are the daft, slightly altered songs that I would prefer kept their distance. A certain make of 4x4 has me singing "If you knew Suzuki like I know Suzuki....." When a rather unconvincing cross-dresser got on my bus, I heard Little Britain's Emily Howard saying "I'm a Lady!" My face didn't betray my amusement! A Monty Python sketch is also evoked by the different ways people see space on a bus, depending on whether they are already on it, or are hoping to board. The former divide the space by 3 and the latter multiply it by 10. So if a person on the bus sees room for 2 people, someone off it sees room for 60! Proving that I have too much time to think (and am perhaps going just a little nutty doing this job that is such a far stretch for me), I have come up with 2 new words. If a pair of glasses found at the scene of a crime is believed to belong to the perpetrator, it could be called the suspectacles. And someone who is all hot air and swears a lot, could be said to be highly farticulate. Apart from an apology, there's nothing more to be said! That's all for now. Happy New Year. Love, Andy

About the Author

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